

## BELOW THE DEADLY LINE

Continued from Page 1.

burned low enough to ignite the hay and loose papers, the whole place would speedily have been in a blaze, entirely destroying this incriminating evidence. Note the craftiness of it. The barrel holds the light, precluding observation from outside, and prevents a draft from extinguishing the candle. Very long candles of this kind can easily be obtained, long enough to burn for twelve hours. How easy for an incendiary to fire a stable in this way, and deny having been near it for a day at least.

"Infernal clever!" muttered Coleman. "The candle is about half burned out. Who can have extinguished it?" "I did," laughed Boyd. "It happened out here yesterday morning and found it burning. I have an idea that the would-be incendiary will show up later to learn why his scheme failed and to plant a second candle."

"Good heavens, Boyd, whom do you suspect of this?" "Dickens fears that he has secret enemies, and it may be their work," said Boyd drily. "Possibly we shall learn. Have a look at this loose page, Jimmie. What do you make of it?"

"By all the gods, Boyd, it is a leaf from a dictionary!" "The dictionary from which Dickson's patch-work letter was made," chuckled Boyd. "Quiet, dear fellow. There is no knowing when visitors may arrive. I'll replace this head, and it will be assumed that the candle accidentally expired, possibly being averse to such infamous knavery as arson. That's all we found it. Now to cover, Jimmie, for a long and silent wait."

In the intense gloom of the stable they patiently waited, minute after minute, scarcely speaking, oftentimes scarce breathing, until nearly two hours had passed.

Then their tireless vigil was rewarded and the supreme cleverness of Mr. Felix Boyd demonstrated. A side door of the stable was quietly opened and a man bearing a dark lantern cautiously entered.

He listened for several moments, then approached the barrel and examined it. Then he removed the partly burned candle and got another, fully twenty-four inches long, from a small box by his side. He adjusted in the barrel, as before, then struck a match and lighted it. As he did so, bending above the open barrel, the two watchers saw that he was a stout fellow, with red hair and beard. Having lighted the candle he replaced the perforated barrel head and stole out of the stable by the way he had entered.

Boyd laid a warning hand on Coleman's arm, checking him until the incendiary had closed and locked the door. Then he murmured softly:

"This way, Jimmie! this way. Carefully—not a sound!"

Moving quickly, yet with the utmost caution, they opened the rear window and reached the ground outside. Then Boyd led the way around the stable, hugging the side wall, and gazed toward Dickson's house. The incendiary, barely discernible in the darkness, was then emerging from a shaded area near the dwelling, around the corner of which he quickly disappeared.

"After him, Jimmie!" whispered Boyd. "Quietly."

Both started across the open grounds, but had covered hardly a rod when the night air was rent with such a wild shriek for help that their blood fairly curdled. Then came a pistol shot, instant followed by another and another.

A muttered oath broke from Boyd, and his face grew hard as flint.

"By God, the game is off!" he fiercely cried, rushing toward the corner of the house around which the bearded man had disappeared. "This way, Jimmie. Use your gun! Drop any man you lay eyes on!"

His voice rang like a trumpet on the night, and was echoed by startling cries from beyond the dwelling. As Boyd turned the corner of it three men were fairly flying across the grounds, and already nearing the strip of woods previously mentioned. A fourth man, the one with a red beard, lay prostrate on the earth, shot through the breast and breathing his last.

Boyd followed the three men, firing shot after shot at them as he ran; but the darkness prevented any accuracy, and within half a minute all three had vanished in the woods. Pursuit obviously would have proven only vain, and Boyd dashed back to look after their victim.

He found Coleman raising the stricken man, who was bleeding profusely from a gaping wound in his right breast, and as Boyd knelt beside him, ghastrly enough in the starlight, the dying man drew his final breath, gasping, with a last convulsive effort:

"Wy—wy—wy—"

Then he was gone, with the unfinished phrase or word, perhaps, silenced on his dead lips. Coleman dropped him, a dead weight, upon the ground, and drew from his clenched hand several small packages tied with braid which he was convulsively gipping.

"By all the gods, Felix!" he cried, as he felt their contents. "The stolen diamonds!"

Boyd passed his hand across the dead man's face, sweeping away the red beard and wig with the movement.

"Just as I thought, Jimmie!" he said coolly. "Rehearsed!"

The dead man was Nathan Dickson, the diamond dealer of Maiden-lane!

The details of what followed that fateful evening are not essential, and it was not until the next morning that Felix Boyd, seated in his office, disclosed to Coleman the remarkable thread of deductions by which he had accomplished his great work.

"It was a curious case, Jimmie," said he, over his pipe, "and not entirely satisfactory. Yet we recovered the diamonds, and so saved their rightful owners from serious losses."

"I should say so," declared the central office man. "But you beat me, Felix, on my word! I'm blessed if I see how you fathomed it!"

"I will tell you how," said Boyd. "From the first I suspected Dickson of some secret game on his own hook, one not involving others. The letter he brought me betrayed him. To begin with, the substance of it lacked the true ring. Then the irregular lines and slanted words indicated that it had been prepared by some one who could not see well; and when I got him to write me his town address, and saw him compelled to hold his reading-glass with one hand while he wrote with the other, awkwardly bowing his head nearly to the page, I was convinced that Dickson himself had made up the letter, and had found such a waste work decidedly delicate and difficult. Furthermore, that the spot sponged from his vest that morning, at my mention of which he appeared a little disturbed, was neither more nor less than a spot of paste with which he had daubed himself, and subsequently sponged away."

"By Jove! that was clever! But why didn't you call him down at once?" "Because I wished to discover his lit-

tle game," smiled Boyd. "It was no funeral of mine, Jimmie. If Dickson wished to write himself such a letter, it certainly indicated some secret design, as did his visit to me upon such a pretext. But it is an old dodge, Jimmie, that of averting suspicion by appearing to confide in the police or a detective. So I decided that I would let Dickson have what rope he wanted, and so discover to what it led."

"I see now," "Next came the supposed burglary," continued Boyd. "My investigations in Dickson's store soon convinced me that he alone was the burglar. He held large consignments of diamonds, upon which, if he could invent plausible robbery, he could subsequently realize."

"Surely! But how did he accomplish it?" "It was quite plain to me. He employed no help, hence he easily contrived to drill and charge the safe without being observed. Next he planned his day away, and what should occur during his absence, which would free him of subsequent suspicion. Ordinarily, a man could not blow open a safe, from which he is miles away. Dickson's chief difficulty lay in firing the fuse at a certain time. Yet he accomplished it in a most original and remarkable way."

"How so?" "He used his reading-glass, Jimmie, which he so placed on the sill of the rear window that it reached the beam of sunlight through the round hole in the iron shutter, and focused the rays at a certain point on the floor. The intense heat at the focal point was sufficient not only to ignite the end of the fuse, but even to slightly scorch the floor. The two curved lines which I showed you gave my clue to the mystery."

"In what way?" "The sun, as you know, deviates very slightly in its course each day. The day before the trick was to be turned Dickson experimented with his lens to determine the precise spot on which the sun's rays would focus at a certain time. In so doing one of the tiny scorched curves was inscribed on the floor, as the intense focal point followed the motion of the sun. Next day, however, the sun was a little higher in the heavens, and the corresponding curved line came parallel, and just the least bit removed from the other; but near enough to fire the fuse Dickson had left for it in his closed store, Jimmie."

"By Jove, Felix, you're a wonder!" "Not at all," laughed Boyd. "You saw as much as I did, only you did not see through it."

"Plainly not."

"Dickson had so carefully planned all this," continued Boyd, "that the reading glass would fall over upon the sill with any jar, and the explosion was sufficient for that. Further, everything that my theory was correct, the aperture in the shutter was unusually low, nearly at the still, a condition necessary for one wishing to look in the rear yard being considerably below the window. So I put this and that together, Jimmie, and felt sure of my man."

"And then, Felix?" "Then I required absolute proofs, Jimmie, since theories do not always impress juries," responded Boyd. "The fact that Dickson had gone to his shore house after rifling his safe before exploding it, led me to think that he might conceal the diamonds in that locality. So I slipped down there early next morning and investigated his stable. I did not find the diamonds, but I found the contrivance for firing the stable."

"I see."

"Dickson evidently intended to give the impression that he had secret foes, who were maliciously persecuting him, and thus arouse public sympathy and that of his foreign consignees. So he planned also to burn his own stable, in such a way as to evade personal suspicion. The candle was burning when I got there, and was still good for several hours before reaching the loose hay. Of course, I extinguished it, and at once decided that when his scheme failed, Dickson would again attempt it. I was not mistaken, for he came promptly to time."

Coleman smiled and nodded.

"But his violent death, and the three men who murdered him," he cried inquiringly. "Who are they?" "Ah, Jimmie, there is where the shoe pinches," said Boyd gravely. "It now is obvious enough, yet I had not suspected it. Plainly those two crimes did not originate in Dickson's brain. I have learned that he has lost heavily on the curb, Jimmie, which doubtless drove him to these felonious designs in the hope of keeping above water. But Dickson's brain never conceived those two masterly schemes."

"You believe?" "I believe, Jimmie, that some master knave about here suggested them to him, and showed him the way, yet craftily kept himself in the background. Dickson did the work, and probably his advisers were promised part of the profits. It may have become Dickson's design to keep the whole, however, the work being successfully done. Hence he must have taken the diamonds to his shore place on his first visit, probably concealing them in the shed from which we saw him emerge."

"Surely! Surely!" "That his advisers distrusted and subsequently watched him, plainly appears in that they must have followed him down there last night. He had removed the diamonds from the shed, intending to carry them back to town. Instead he was viciously assailed by the men who had shadowed him, who doubtless meant to end him, as they did, and make off with the entire lot of stones. My shouts alarmed them, and drove them to flight, before they could accomplish their object. That we found Dickson clutching the diamonds in his death-grip confirms this theory."

"Indeed, yes! But what do you think he tried to say at the finish? We caught one word, Felix. It sounded like why—why?" "It may have meant—why, the beginning of a question," said Boyd. "Or it possibly may have been—Wy, the first syllable of Wykoff!"

"By all the gods, that's so!" cried Coleman. "Meaning that Wykoff was his assassin. If this theory—"

But Mr. Felix Boyd interrupted him with an impressive head-shake.

"There is nothing in theories alone, Jimmie," said he, firmly. "Proofs, not theories, are what we must have. As I have said before, curious things are cropping out about here, and there's a master knave in the background. I mean to find him some day. Meantime, Jimmie, I must prevent his getting a line on me before I get a line on him. So you take all the credit of solving this Dickson mystery, Jimmie, dear fellow, and let me remain obscurely in the background—like the master knave! For when we come together and look horns, Jimmie, as we surely shall, it must be on an equal footing, Jimmie. So, you, dear fellow, take all the credit for recovering Dickson's diamonds."

## Sale Of New Linens

**\$15,000 Shipment of New Linens has Just Arrived for The Sale.**

These goods were expected earlier in the month. Big sales, as those who follow them are fully aware, nearly always occur about the first of the month. It was our intention to start a big, exclusive linen sale the first Monday in August, but the goods did not arrive in time. This particular linen stock was purchased at a price which permits of its being sold at a most extraordinary reduction. Women love beautiful white linen. They are always willing to buy a few pieces when the price and the qualities become real bargains. Owing to the lateness of the month, in order to make the sale a pronounced success, the pieces have been marked exceptionally low on prices. The assortments are broad and there is a wide range of prices. Our charge customers, who make most of their purchases early in the month, will find this exclusive linen sale such a splendid saving opportunity that the question of the first of the month will not deter them from participating in this popular sale. :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

IRELAND, SCOTLAND AND GERMANY HAVE CONTRIBUTED THEIR BEST PATTERNS & CHOICEST QUALITIES

The management is determined to increase the linen business. There are two ways of doing it: Offer qualities which will be remembered a long time; put the prices lower than other prices for similar qualities.

400 SETS OF  
Fine Linens

Size 2x2. Price, per set:

\$ 8.00 grade for.....	\$9.00
\$10.00 grade for.....	\$7.00
\$12.50 grade for.....	\$8.50

SIZE 2x2 1-2.

\$ 9.00 grade for.....	\$6.50
\$10.50 grade for.....	\$7.50
\$15.00 grade for.....	\$10.00

## Pattern Cloths

SIZE 2x3.

\$10.00 grade for.....	\$7.00
\$11.50 grade for.....	\$8.00
\$17.50 grade for.....	\$11.00

SIZE 2 1-4x 2 1-4.

\$9.00 grade for.....	\$6.50
\$12.50 grade for.....	\$8.50
\$17.50 grade for.....	\$11.50

## Damask By Yd.

5,000 Yards from the Best Linen Mills of Europe. Bleached and Unbleached.

60 in. wide, 45c grade for.....	30c yd.
60 in. wide, 65c grade for.....	47c yd.
72 in. wide, 65c grade for.....	47c yd.
72 in. wide, \$1.00 grade for.....	75c yd.
72 in. wide, \$1.25 grade for.....	95c yd.
72 in. wide, \$1.50 grade for.....	\$1.10 yd.
72 in. wide, \$1.75 grade for.....	\$1.39 yd.

Napkins to match all Table Linen from 75c a yard up, at 25 per cent off regular prices.

## Beautiful New Fall Waists.

The new fall waists are arriving. Plaids, silks, laces and wool are already in demand. The new waists are nobby and attractive in design, cut and material.

Two Stirring Bargains in Summer Waists.

White Embroidered Swiss Waists, with Val. lace yoke; short or long sleeves; \$9.00 for \$6.75.

Another is a handsome Mull, with fine hand embroidered front; pin tucks and German Val. lace, trimmed front and back to match. Regular \$12.00, reduced to \$8.00.

## 60 Cent All Wool Batiste for 39c

This is a strong value. The width is 38 inches and the colors are light and dark. Splendid for fall waists and dresses. The sale will run just Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. It may not last that long, as it is the kind of a bargain that is quickly picked up. Reduced from 60 cents to 39 cents.

1,000 DOZEN  
Huck and Damask Towels

12 1-2c grade for.....	8 1-3c
15c grade for.....	10c
16 2-3c grade for.....	11 1-2c
25c grade for.....	20c

25 dozen Hand Made Russia Linen Huck Towels, 25c each.

## Bed Spreads

90c grade for.....	65c
\$1.25 grade for.....	\$1.00
\$1.75 grade for.....	\$1.39
\$2.50 grade for.....	\$1.55
\$3.50 grade for.....	\$2.55
\$5.00 grade for.....	\$3.85

## English Long Cloths

No. 1,000. 36 inches wide, 10c yard Bolt of 12 yards for \$1.15.

No. 2,000. 36 inches wide, 12 1-2c yd. Bolt of 12 yards for \$1.45.

No. 4,000. 36 inches wide, 15c yard Bolt of 12 yards for \$1.69.

## Sale of Beautiful New Silk Petticoats

Made of Taffeta Silk with deep flounce and three rows of shirring; under-flounce of near silk. White, pink, navy, green, old rose, red, gray, reseda green and black, regular 7.75, for \$4.95

To Make This Sale a Banner Week, we have Decided to include our entire Stock of White Goods.

## INDIA LINENS

10c grade for.....	7c
12 1-2c grade for.....	9c
15c grade for.....	10c
20c grade for.....	11c
25c grade for.....	18c
40c grade for.....	28c

## DIMITIES &amp; NAINSOOKS

10c grade for.....	6 1-4c
12 1-2c grade for.....	9c
15c grade for.....	11c
20c grade for.....	15c
25c grade for.....	18c
35c grade for.....	25c

## Short Ends Of Damask

We have been very fortunate in securing short ends of Damasks. They are different qualities, reaching from the cheapest to the best table linens. We had to accept all or none. The short ends come in the following lengths:

From 1 to 4 yards long, prices from 20c to \$3.78 each.

## Dotted Swiss

The Genuine Imported Fabric, not the cheap imitation.

20c grade for.....	14c yard
30c grade for.....	20c yard
50c grade for.....	35c yard
75c grade for.....	50c yard

**SPECIALS IN SUITS--It will certainly be worth your while to look the lines over. You may pick up a bargain at your own price.**

WHITE SUITS—Made of good quality of Union Linen, handsomely tailored; coat three-quarter length; gored circular skirt. \$13.50 suit for..... **\$5.80**

DUCK SUITS—Eton jackets, circular skirts, panel front and back. The price justifies the purchase. The skirt alone is worth more than we are asking for the suit. Regular \$6.50 and \$7.50. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday..... **\$2.75**

SHIRT WAIST SUITS—Made of Chambray Ginghams in blue, red, tan, gray and polka dots. Waists and skirts extra full. Regular \$4.95 for..... **\$2.25**

SILK SHIRT WAIST AND JACKET SUITS—In assorted colors and sizes. Eton jackets, plaited and circular skirts; pin stripes and plain colors; green, blue, purple, brown and gray. Suits from \$18.50 to \$39.50 for..... **\$10.00**

We are now showing new advanced styles for fall in Suits, Coats, Skirts, etc. Early selection is certainly the most satisfactory

## KEITH-O'BRIEN CO.

## BIG HORN BASIN

Excursion.

Sept. 1 and 3. Limit thirty days. Rate from R. G. W. main points \$30.00 round trip. From branch lines add one fare for round trip to nearest junction point. Route Rio Grande Western, Colorado Midland and Burlington. For further information and Big Horn Basin book, address L. H. Harding, Salt Lake City.

High Grade Wall Paper.

Charles H. Bodet, 33 East First South.

## DRUNKENNESS CURED



KEELEY INSTITUTE, 24 W. S. Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

## Anderson Insurance Agency

HUGH ANDERSON, Pres. Established 1871. 168 South Main St., Salt Lake City.

FRANK K. POE, Secy. P. O. Box 977. Telephone 195.

Fire, Life and Accident

**INSURANCE**

Aetna of Hartford.....	\$14,949,529
Fireman's Fund of California.....	5,202,581
Alliance of England.....	62,686,133
Franklin Fire of Philadelphia.....	8,068,723
Citizens of Missouri (policies guaranteed by Hartford).....	728,013

It's time you noticed our \$33.50 diamond ring. Phone 65 for the correct time.

